CLEMENCEAU VISITS THE RICH SUGAR FIELDS OF ARGENTINA

The Former Premier of France Also Goes Ahunting in the Forests and Describes It Vividly---Rosario and Its Active Life.

This is the tenth of a series of articles giving his impressions of South America written by the former Premier of France.

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By Georges Clemenceau.

HE traveler with only a few weeks at his disposal in this immense country of overflowing activity cannot pretend to make a very profound and detailed study of it.

I am here setting down only those things that I saw, but at the same time I endeavor to show their significance and

of unexpected impressions and emotions.

To think I had to come all this way to find myself suddenly transported to that particular spot of earth which through all life's surprises remains so dear to us. Far away in the Brazilian mountains I actually met a charming Vendean woman whose tongue had retained that accent of

whose tongue had retained that accent of the "langue d'oil," which belonged to the speech of our Rabelais. When Sancho, from the back of his hack, beheld the earth no larger than a grain of millet, his sense of proportion was truer than ours. Only instead of being so many nuts beside the millet, as Sancho thought, men are in reality merely imperceptible particles that are bound to knock up against each

private endeavor, have in the new Society of the Argentine been unable to provoke the determined effort and keen concentration that were present in the picture held up before my eyes. Under whatever form of government, the worth of a country lies in its men, that is, in the sum total of disinterested activities. A race that can produce the intellectual development and character that have so struck me in the course of this journey can await with tranquil courage the problems of the future.

As it is my desire in writing this to leave no dark corners unexplored, I must make a reference to the surprise I felt when at Rosario, as later at Tucuman, I

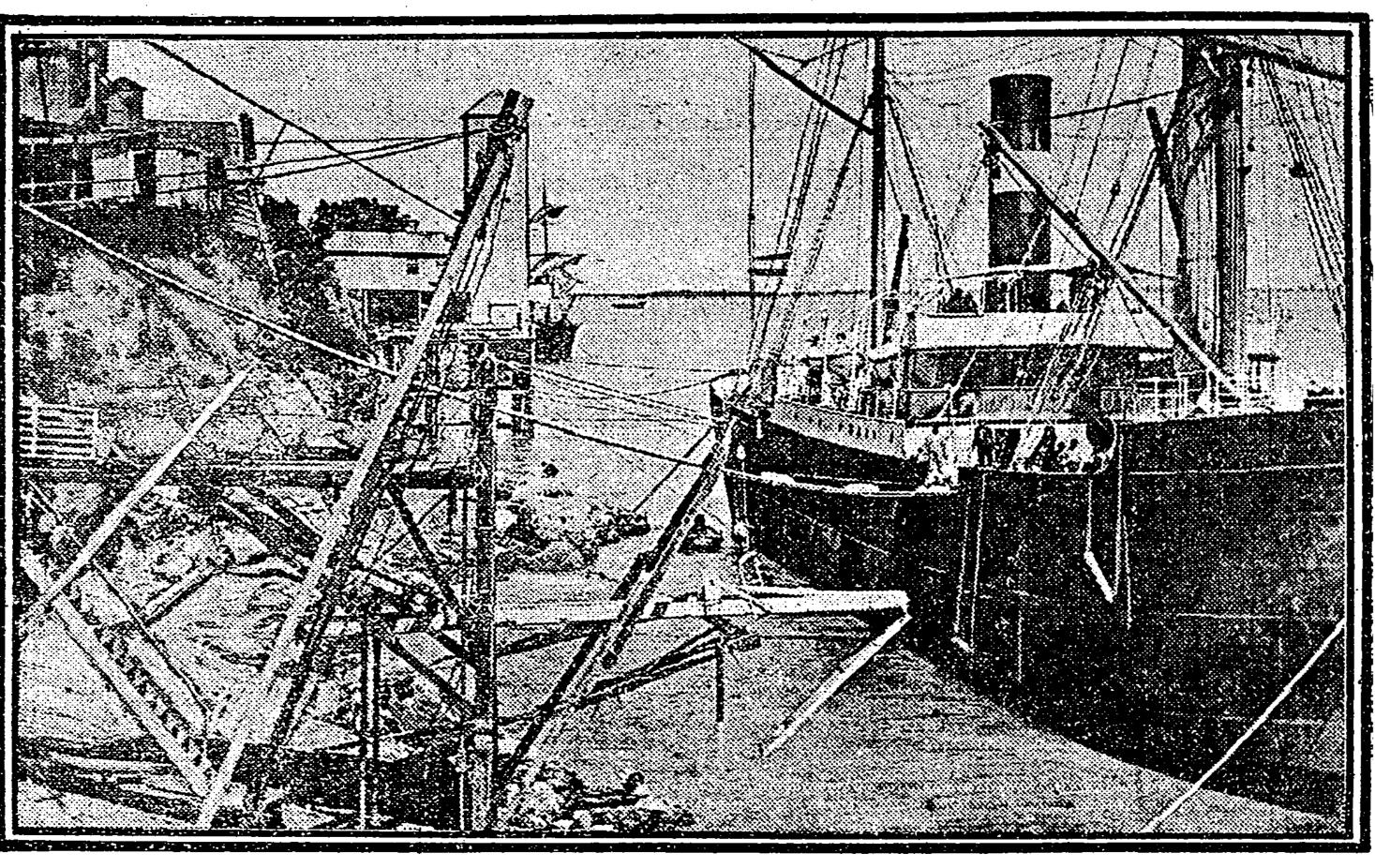


more than a single step. The only attempt at furniture consists of a plank laid across trestles, with rags, intended for clothing, but incredibly dirty, doing duty for mattress and blanket. A movable stove adapted to open-air cooking, four stakes in the earth, on which are laid bits of anything that come handy, with tree trunks doing duty for seats, constitute a rough-and-ready dining room. Scattered about on the ground are different utensils for the use of man and beast. Then a commotion. A naked baby, who was enjoying a sugar cane, suddenly saw its treasure carried off by a little and lively black pig. A fight and loud screams. Bined and quadruped come to blows, and the effect of the excitement on the dorment functions of infant life is such that it is the child who succeeds in worsting the pig. The latter noisily protests. Then, there being no such thing as justice on earth, it is the child who is carried off and set on the heap of rags, whose odorous dampness will at nightfall soothe its

M. Edmond Hilleret, the eldest son of the founder of the factory of Santa Anahad invited us to a tapir hunt. To camp out in the forest for three days did not in

instinctively she has twisted it in her hair, where it makes a line of light in the night of her tresses. Erect in the sime plicity of the semi-savage, without a word or sign of acknowledgment of our presence, and without a trace of embarrage ment in her attitude, she stands before us to look at us, desiring nothing more. Her features are regular and delicate ace cording to the canons of Europeans acse thetics. Two or three pock-marks mak& a dark, startling patch in which there flows the luminous warmth of a handsome ripe fruit. All the soul of the native race is visible in the dark light of her eyes, heavy with feelings that belong to an epoch too primitive to be comprehended even dimly by our aged and vulgar civilization. That surprising pink ribbon and a kind of remorse for some unknown crime induced by the ingenuous and compelling eyes, are probably, what make up her charm. Whatever it springs from, the effect is the same. I tear myself from these evil thoughts

and wander into the forest in the wake of the chattering parrots, carrying with me, by way of viaticum, an orange, picked as I passed, whose freshness and



Steamer Loading at Rosario.

give same idea of their social import, while leaving to my readers to judge for themselves both of the fact and my interpretation. It is of course the subjective method and is full of pitfalls, but it is also useful inasmuch as it sheds much ligh, on the subject if used with discrimination.

My friend, Jules Huret, who has been inspired to reveal to the criminally incurious French certain countries which they persistently ignore, is able to take all the time he needs to collect a voluminous amount of material, which he then proceeds to place before his readers on a plan that closely follows the strictest canons of the objective method.

We know how successful he has been with North America and Germany. He marshaled before an orderly procession of men and of things that to my mind are likely to defeat their object, by leaving us no inducement to undertake the journey for ourselves in order to obtain first-hand impressions by a direct contact which alone is worth all the books in the

Huret is now publishing in the "Figaro" the result of a year's close study of the Argentine. He has taught and will teach me much, no doubt, and I strongly recommend every one to read his admirable work.

But in its way I still venture to claim for my unpretending method the virtue of inspiring in my readers a desire for further information, for the simple reason that they will assuredly want to test my views in the light of their own experi-

All humanity nowadays moves at a rapid pace, and the chief interest that we attach to the events of to-day is some indication it may afford of openings for to-morrow's energy. The real value of this chief "event of the day" to which the press attributes more and more importance, lies, however, in the revelation it may contain of those general laws of which for many reasons we all require some knowledge. Hence the live appeal made by provisional inductions, irrespective of the verdict of the future there-upon, since our "truths" of to-day can never be more than successive elimina-

tions of errors. These reflections are intended to explain the spirit in which I made ready to leave Buenos Aires, and drew up an itinerary curtailed by a deplorable extent by the limited time that remained to me. I had been told: At Cordoba you will find a city of monks. Mendoza affords a charming picture of rivulets lined with poplars, vines everywhere, and a remarkably complete equipment for the wine industry. At Tucuman you will find fields of sugar cane with sugar factories for its manufacture, and the beginning of an extensive forest. With irrigation works, poplars, vines, monks, even, I was already familiar. So without hesitation I made for Tucuman, with a brief halt at

Rosario, the second city of the Argentine Republic. In its external aspect. Rosario de Santa Fé differs but little from Buenos Aires. There is the same florid architecture, the lame desire to do things on a large scale. the same laboriousness, the whole naturally in smaller proportions. Rosario exists by reason of its port, which comnands the Parana. The prodigious extention of the town is due to the building of numerous railway lines, which have brought about enormous development of agriculture in the provinces of Santa Fé. Cordoba, and Santiago del Estero. The cereals grown in these provinces, representing one-half of the total export of Argentine grain, are all carried by these railways, while the Parana furnishes a waterway of several thousands of kilometers. open to coasting vessels on the upper river, and from Paraguay as far as the mouth of the Rio. A book might be written of the harbor works, which have been lexeguted by a French firm, under the management of one of our compatriots. M. Flandrin, a native of my own Vendear Allage. There is a peculiar charm in a Leeting of this sort. You have come a ong way and, with the help of some nagination, you feel you have ventured r into the unknown. After many adentures, the curtain rises, and the first we that meets your eye, the first voice Epu hear, recalls your native place.

Planies, scenes, and memories rush in

bringing with them a train

other at the least movement made in the restricted space allotted to them.

My philosophy did not prevent my feeling great pleasure at meeting M. Flandrin, whose modesty and kindness were an honor to the land of his origin. We made a tour of inspection of the docks, and the inevitable trip by boat. All I can say about the works thus hastily seen.

and already described in many technical publications, is that in spite of the tremendous difficulties encountered, they have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, thanks to the tenacity of the engineers and the admirable method adopted. Moored alongside the quays were a number of English and German cargo

ed. Moored alongside the quays were a number of English and German cargo boats, (among which I saw, alas! but one French,) taking in grain at the rate of 800 tons per hour.

Tenders for the construction of the docks date from 1902. They were designed to cope with an average tonnage of 2.700, 1000, and it was at that time believed that

this figure could not be reached before at least thirty years. By 1909, however, it had been reached and passed, and the work of enlargement was given to a French firm. Under these conditions it is leasy to understand that a town numberling in 1869 23,000 inhabitants should in 1910 contain nearly 200,000. This also explains the rivalry that exists between the second city of the republic and Santa Fé. the historic capital of the province. Rosario complains with some show of reason that the enormous proportion of taxation paid by her into the national exchequer does not procure for her the advantages i to which her population entitles her. The deplorable deficiency of schools in Rosario is more especially a subject of loud recrimination. I cannot but think that attention will soon be paid to so just a

As for the eventual beauty of the town. I can say nothing. When I visited it it was disfigured in every direction by extensive road-making operations, thanks to which there will one day in all probability be open spaces enough to rouse the admiration of visitors. An excellent and modern hotel seemed to promise well for the future. As usual, the welcome I received far exceeded anything I could have expected. But the municipal improvement scheme had occasioned a fever of speculation in land values, and I heard of nothing but fabulous fortunes to be realized in this way. So much so indeed that I was strongly tempted to spend a few sous on a plot of land which by this time or perhaps a little later might be worth some hundreds of millions.

If Rosario has made a fortune out of the incredible increase of its corn harvests, it must not be imagined that cattle rearing is neglected in the Province of Santa Fé. By a fortunate coincidence, I arrived on the day of the opening of the great annual Cattle Show. The President of the Agricultural Society happens to be one of the most distinguished politicians, not only of the province but of the republic, and thanks to his kindness, I was able to glean much information on general subjects and at the same time to inspect some samples of agricultural produce that would not have been out of place in the finest of our European exhibitions. The surrounding provinces, including that of Buenos Aires, had sent up some of their best specimens of horses and horned cattle. As usual there was a superabundance of British breeds to be seen, but our Norman horses were well represented, too. To tell the truth, the dual capacity of my guide, who was no less eminent as statesman than as cattle breeder, caused politics to somewhat overshadow agriculture in our talk, and I found out that M. Lisenadro de la Torre was the leader of a party that is now aiming at the overthrow of the party now in power, whose majority, he informed me, was based on those very abuses that

The tendency is to use and even abuse their authority in order to coerce the electors who lack the ability to organize the defense of the public in coalition of private interests. (1) "An evil that diminishes terrorism," it may truly be said, and one of which Rosario does not hold a monopoly. On this theme, the clear-headed politician, with his concise manner of speech and decided tones, gave me the benefit of his experience, illustrated by a rapid survey of the enemy's country. And I rejoiced to see that the abuses, which are found more or less in all old countries,

and which can only be remedied by

heard strange statements of the prospects of a revolution. "A certain military leader was not pleased if he was not given full satisfaction. There was every reason to fear a movement. Dispatches from the Government recommended a careful guard over rifle magazines, &c." I was pretty soon convinced that all this was but the dying echo of bygone conditions with very little foundation in fact. Here in Rosario we are not far removed from the life of Buenos Aires. To-day the distance from one city to the other (300 kilometers) can be covered in five hours. The last part of the journey which lands us at Tucuman, 1,100 kilometers from the capital, will give us the impression of a complete change of country. At daybreak, in full sunshing the first discovery I made was that we were traveling through a cloud of dust that entirely concealed the country. With a kindness for which I can never be sufficiently grateful the President of the republic, M. Figueroa Alcorta, had lent me his own coach for the journey. had therefore slept in an excellent bed, with windows carefully closed and blinds drawn. But the Argentine dust knows

no obstacles. This makes me think that the prophecy in the Book that we shall all return to dust has already been fulfilled. My beauitiful bedroom, my luxurious dressing room i with its welcome douche, my clothes, luggage, and my person, all were wrapped in a thick veil of fine red dust, most sinister in appearance, and still more unpleasant to breathe. Yes, while I slept in all confidence, the imperious dust had taken possession of train, passengers, and all was visible to their dust-filled eyes. The stations: merely a stack of red dust; man, la vermilion-colored walking pillar; the horseman or vehicle, a whirlwind of dust. Horror! to my wrath, a beautiful white skirt was discovered blushing rosy as a virgin taken by surprise. I washed with red soap and red towels my pure carminecolored face. Here is the explanation of

the complexion of the Indian. Tucuman is in sight. Tucuman, the land of Cacombo, the faithful servant of Candide. None can have forgotten the Governor of Buenos Aires, moved by the beauty of the lovely Cunegonde, was on the point of dispatching Candide when he was saved by Cacombo. But what follows marks the difference between Candide's times and our own, for Candide and Cacombo in their flight, paused in "a beautiful meadow traversed by streams of water." where befell the double adventure of the monkeys and the mumps. whereas for us, meadows, rivulets, monkeys, and mumps, all resolve themselves into a universal dust. I strain my eyes to discern some part of the landscape. A forest ravaged, dying, beneath the dust. Some lean cattle are grazing on clay apparently. Enormous cactuses, like trees. Flocks of small white birds with pink beaks, known as widows, (vimdas,) and from time to time, the beauty of a flight

flashing their brilliant emerald hues in the sunlight.

The "Marseillaise"! The Tricolor! The Governor, the French colony! Tucuman is giving us a cordial reception. Handshakes, salutes, welcoming words with affectionate references to the distant fatherland. An admirable official motor car, but execrable roads, where the best of "pneus" finds so many obstacles

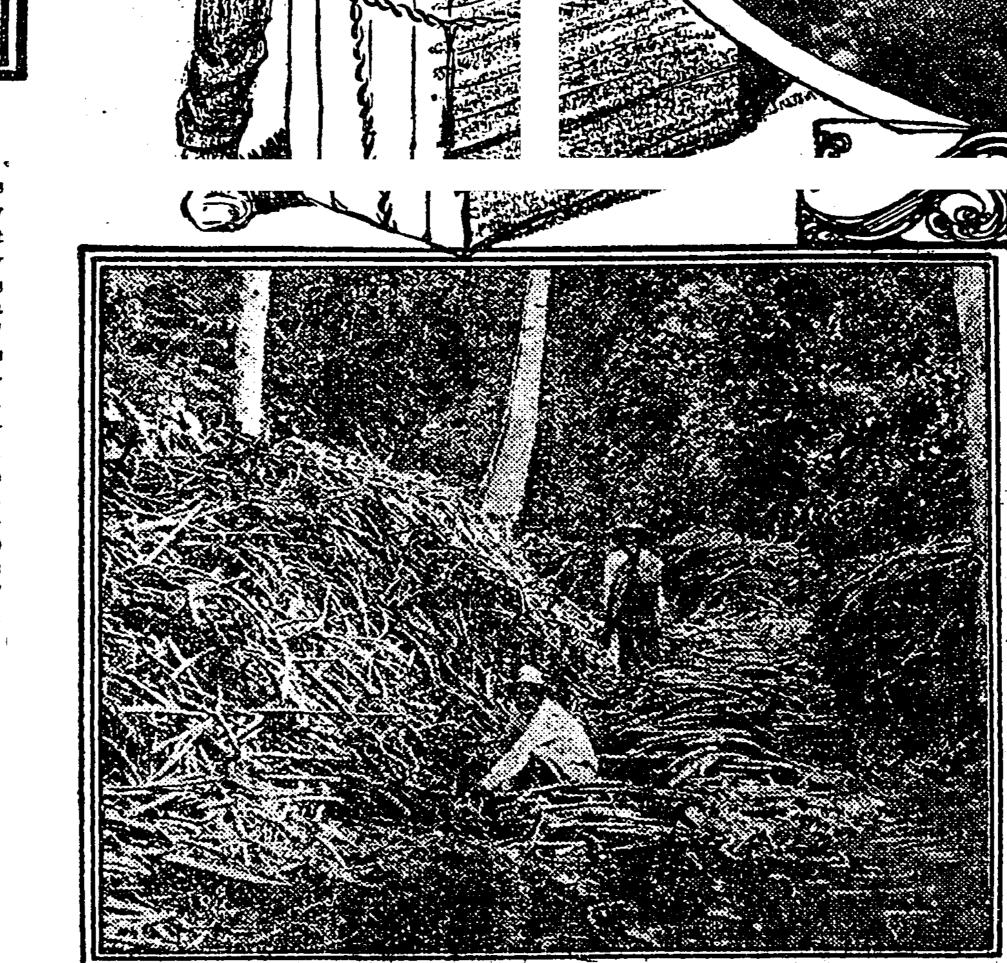
of cackling parrots through the dusty air.

to drink that it becomes quite intoxicated. as is seen by its continual stagger. The first impression given by Tucuman after the jolting and shaking of the road is that of a colonial land. Everywhere the half-house, hastily put up but rendered charming by its patio and comfortable, owing to the way the rooms are built to take advantage of the shade. The Indian, through his half castes, is King in Tucuman, "the garden of the republic." whose women, it is said, are more beautiful than flowers. Everywhere, in fact, one sees bronzed faces in which two impassive black eyes shine with the brilllance of the diamond. A long glance which says I know not what, but something that is totally un-European. Simplicity, dignity, with few words, slow gestures, an imposing harmony of bearing. I know not whether one day the dominant race will succeed in modifying or effacing the native traits. At present the indelible

imprint of American blood remains un-

changed. A few of the women are very

handsome. The French colony in Tucu-



Sugar Chutes in the Argentine.

man is larger than I thought. I shall visit it when I return from Santa Ana, where I am going to see M. Hilleret's

On my way I passed'broad avenues well laid out, the Place del Independence on which stands the statue of Gen. Belgrano, in remembrance of the battle of Tucuman. (1812.) and the new palace of the Governor, which makes a fine show. From 60,000 to 80,000 inhabitants. The town very commercial. The country broken, with high mountains. Fertile plains, suitable for the sugar cane, tobacco, oranges, and the most beautiful of flowers. Large and noble forests that are being ruthlessly devastated for the factory furnaces. Uninterrupted cultivation of the cane all the way to Santa-Ana, where M. Hilleret, just arrived from the Argentine with a team of laborers for the work on the railway line, has built a sugar factory, thanks to which and to protection, he will at his death be able to leave a fortune of one hundred millions. We were magnificently received in a hospitable mansion that betrayed the taste of a Parisian architect. What greater surprise could you have than to find casts from the Louvre and Comedie Française in the hall of a Tucumar house? A park and garden bearing traces of the recent passing of locusts. Specially beautiful were the handsome tufts of bamboo and false cotton plants. with their big balls of white down at the end of their branches, where a tiny gray

dove cooed softly like a wailing child. What can I say of the factory that has not already been said? It is admirably kept. The cane is automatically flung on a slope which drops it beneath the heavy rollers. Two thousand workmen are employed-half castes for the most part. A few are pure Indians. A small number of French gangers. There is a picturesque scene of a morning, when troops of women, old and young, followed by a procession of children, come marketing in the provision shops, packing their purchases into wooden or earthenware bowls. which they balance on their heads: their parti-colored rags, with violet contrasting patches, add piquancy to their appearance: and their set faces have the firmness and immobility of bronze, all vitality and expression being concentrated in the dark fire of their eyes. The workmen's dwellings are indescribable slums. On both sides of a wide avenue there are rows of tiny houses, from which the most rudimentary notions of hygiene or of comfort are apparently carefully banished Dens. rather than dwellings, to speak accurately, so destitute are they of furnishing. Women and old men, grovelling in the dust, the "bombilla" between their lins, sit immovable, in an ecstasy of mata Children moving about on all fours are scarecely distinguishable from the little pigs which are grubbing in the rubbish heaps. Ineffable smells issue from boildarkness of the doorway the nobly draped figure of the guardian of the hearth stands, speechless and motionless, survey-

ing the scene. According to European ideas, these folk are wretched indeed. Yet the climate places within their reach facilities of living which appear to give them quiet pleasure. We may be permitted to imagine for them a happier lot in a higher stage of civilization, when they will be awarded a larger share of the remuneration to be derived from the monument of labor their hands have helped to put up. There is no legal protection for the worker in the Argentine, which is explained by the backwardness of industry there. But, notwithstanding the compensations of existence beneath this beautiful sky, I cannot but believe that large factories such as this I visited can scarcely exist much longer without the labor question coming up before the Legislature, and, although from what I saw, the mill owners are both humanely and generously inclined. there is need for the intervention of the Government. The members of Parliament whom I interviewed on the point seemed favorably disposed toward the suggestion. though also prepared to accept the collaboration of an indefinite delay.

The fields of sugar cane can be visited without fatigue by train. We passed teams of six and nine mules-up to their knees in dust-on their way to the factory with loads of cane, grown at a distance from the railway. The drivers, sitting postilion-wise on their leaders, raised their whips with a threatening cry that made the lash unnecessary. But who could have believed it took so much dust to manufacture sugar! Out in the fields, the peons, armed with the long knife that is always stuck in the back of their belt, fell the cane, and with two dexterous turns of the blade cut it in lengths for the press, leaving the foliage and part of the stalk on the ground for the cattle. At the wayside station, there are five or six dilapidated cabins, in which the numerous progeny of the cane cutters appear to thrive. In appearance it is a temporary encampment, nothing more. The huts are made out of odds and ends taken at haphazard, and follow a single rule of architecture, which enjoins an open space of twenty or thirty centimeters between the roof and the nalisade, which can scarcely be called a wall, to insure a circulation of air. Thus one could at a pinch sleep in the place without arousing the smallest envy in the four-footed beasts that are happily slumbering under the starry heavens. Children and pigs and donkeys are living together in friendly promiscuity. Women bearing in their arms their latest

born appear on their threshold, dum-

founded at the sight of strangers. In my

own tongue, which she probably takes for

drendr, I ask one of them for permission

to glance at the interior of her hut. She

stands aside and I look in, not venturing

River and Tunnel Northeast of Cordoba.

the least daunt us, but a member of the Society for the Protection of Animals having urged upon me the shamefulness of letting dogs loose upon so inoffensive a beast, and Providence with the same intention probably having smitten our hunter-in-chief with appendicitis followed by an operation, our shooting was directed humbly against the parrots. I speak for my companions; as for my own part, I announced the most pacific intentions toward the birds of the forest.

Peons on horseback and light carts start off in an ocean of dust. You need to get in front of a procession and leave to your friends the duty of swallowing your dust. As a lack of altruism on the part of my friends had inflicted this experiment on me as we went, I took care to return the compliment on the way home. The forest, which belongs to the factory, is generally denominated "virgin forest" for the sake of effect. But truth compels me to admit that it was not even "demivierge," for there are herds grazing in every grove, peons keeping watch, woodcutters and colonists unceasingly busy, dragging away its veils with a brutality that is never slaked.

Such as it is, however, with its inextricable wildnesses through which only the axe can clear a way, with its tall flowering groves, its ancient trees covered with a luxuriant parasite growth that flings downward to earth and upward to heaven its clouds of lovely color, it is marvelously beautiful. The wonder of it is this hazo of parasites, so varied in species, in color, and in growth, with their invincible determination to live at all costs, and which wrap the glant tree from its roots to the furthest twig in a monstrous profusion of new forms of life. The dead. branch on which we trample has preserved even in decomposition the frail yet tenaclous creeper whose blossoms crowned it when high aloft. The tree is no longer a tree; it is a Laocoon twisted in a fury of rage beneath the onslaught of an ocean of lives whose torrent cannot be stemmed. Whichever way one looks these hairy monsters are agonizing in despairing contortions, victims of a drama of dumb violence, and the spectacle conveys a keen realization of the eternal struggle for life that is going on all around us from the tops of these green heights to the invisible subterraneau burrows whence may issue any living will. Relief is provided in this universal trag-

edy by the brilliant coloring of lovely birds that light up the dark enchantment of this tumult in which life is straining after a victory that can only be achieved in death. Having not yet learned to know the treachery of man, the royal magpies of Paraguay, with their vivid plumage, stop on the branches close to the path to gaze with the same astonishment perhaps at us as we at them. But already in the glade some shots resound, betokening the arrival of the first of the carts and the salute of the guns to the denizens of the forest. Now, my parrot friends, make for the fields as fast as you can, out of reach of the horde of enemics. But it is precisely these clearings that the parrot loves, for here he, like man. can satisfy his greedy appetite. When he and his tribe descend upon an orchard. good-bye to the fruit harvest. We are in a wide clearing that is inhabited by a little colony of farmers, whose huts are built along a rivulet on the slope of the meadow. Here are fields of maize covered with dead stalks. The cattle wander freely where they will. In an orchard stands an orange tree, the highest I ever saw, full of golden balls. Hard by a well. on a wooden post, there sits a green par-

Attracted by the noise, two women come out from a dark hut. Gossips probably, though what they can find to talk about in such a spot it would be hard to guess. One of them attracts attention by the beauty of her form, the nobility of her pose, and the warm coppery tint of her face. She is a creole, equally removed from the two races. Her straight hair, intensely black, falls in a plait upon her shoulders. A pink ribbon, probably found in a box of biscuits, has reached her, and

rot, with a red poll, his plumage ruffled.

his eye full, of contempt for the human

perfume have left me a souvenir no less. delicious than that of the charms of youthful beauty. I was slowly returning to the glaring sunshine of the clearing, absorbed in admiration of a flight of bright-plumaged parrots, when a vexatious gunshot brought me back to the realities of our sinful race. One of our party had concealed himself among the brushwood at the foot of the tree in which the parrots were holding their parliament. The danger of the institution was instantly apparent, for five birds fell to the murderous lead. I still, hold with parliaments, however, notwithstanding their defective organization, and also will the parrots which assemble in the branches for debate. I know not what they find to say to each other, but, judged by the noise, as at home, it must be of great importance. When we teach them to speak our language I am aware they pronounce words without attaching any meaning to them. I have known human creatures to do the same without the excuse of the birds. A very remarkable trait in the parrot's character is that he is altruistic in the last degree? and will face any danger to assist a friend in distress by voice and gesture. When a parrot is wounded the rest, who have at first flown away in alarm, return with loud cries to the scene of the crime, abusing the huntsman and calling. on deaf gods for justice. If further shots make fresh victims the flock will not give up its work of pity, which is thus the source of further murders.

All this is to explain to you how, to: come back to the place I started from, I saw at my feet a beautiful green parrot : with a crimson head, lying now in the stillness of death, while two or three of his friends limped and fluttered around him with volleys of maledictions hurled at the human race. I fear they figured! later at the supper table of the colony. The young woman with the pink ribbon, for whom the scene probably offered nothing new, stood and gazed at us as if we were the curiosity of the moment. One of the wounded birds had climbed a stump beside her without any preliminaries and had made friends with a child. The woman took no notice. Her questioning eyes seemed to be seeking forms in which to clothe her thoughts, but her tongue could give no assistance. I, too, would have liked to speak to her, to learn something of her story, of her notions about the world, and the ideas that influenced her actions. But I knew no signs in which to express my questions, and not a word of either Spanish ... or "guarani" (the name of a small tribe" which survives as the relic of their language, in use among the natives.) With a rhythmic motion she went back to her hut, emerging again with a tiny gray parrot perched on her shoulder, by way, perhaps, of a conversational opening, and then joined our circle. The bird, fluttering its wings, stepped down to stand on her fingers, which were slim and colored as though with henna, and I ventured to tease him. The long red hand came slowly forward, accompanying the movement of the bird, without a shadow of a smile on her impassive face, and so, the time for our departure having come, we parted forever, with all our questions unasked.

On the following day a drive to the Salto, another clearing in the forest enlivened by a waterfall, where a charge of dynamite furnished us with an excellent luncheon. We shot a few hawks that we dubbed eagles for the occasion. Some large blue birds passed mocking over the... heads of the sportsmen, who ended by firing at imaginary fish. A walk in the forest seemed an absurd idea, but I and two comrades ventured a little way. What more natural, then, for men who have come from the ends of the earth to see an almost virgin forest than to make up a game of poker? Oh, the joys of modern traveling undreamed of by early explorers! Meantime I wandered straight before me in the wood at the risk of losing my way. Once I thought I was going to know the pleasure, not unmixed, of being hopelessly lost. There was nothing left but to seek in the branches an ornero's nest, whose opening would show us the north, but one of my companions pointed out a line of bluish gray lichen on every tree trunk, which indicated clearly

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ing cauldrons and stewpans, while in the

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(Continued from Page 10.)

without the help of the bird from which direction the warm north wind blew. Finally, by way of putting a finishing touch to my education, he assumed that I was thirsty, and, leading me to a creeper growing on a large branch at the height of a man, he dexterously inserted his knife into the joint of the leaves, when there burst out a jet of water slightly aromatic in taste, like the juice of some fine grass. The traveler's sherbet! A few minutes later we came upon a peon mounted on his mule, who more clearly than either bird or lichen set us on the right path.

M. Hilleret's first sugar factory was cstablished at Lules. There we found a fine forest wilder still than that of Santa Ana, with gorgeous great trees bearing bouquets of flowers, some white, some pale violet, and some pink. Fine gardens and a park where, under the management of a French gardener, every fruit tree of the sub-tropical zone may be found, from the banana and coffee plant to the mango and chirimaya, besides a thousand other strange-named growths better calculated to surprise the eye than charm the palate. Of an evening there was dancing in the garden. Though national in character, dancing here is much what it is elsewhere, since there is but one way to move the arms and legs. The most striking part of the picture was the spectacle of the dancers when resting. In our countries, these assemblies of young people would have been the excuse for jokes and laughter, often probably carried to excess. Here the immovable gravity of the native makes such a scene impossible. Young men and young women exchange now and then a few words uttered in a low voice with the utmost composure. On the invitation of the cavalier the young girl rises in exactly the same way that she would move to perform some household duty, and she goes through the rites of the dance, with its rhythmic gymnastics, without the vestige of a smile or a ripple of gayety on her expressionless face. It is not that dancing offers no attraction to them, for they never miss an opportunity to indulge in it. We must only see in their deportment a conception of dignity and a standard of conduct that are unlike our own.

On my return from Tucuman, a great reception was given by the French colony in my honor. I went to call, as indeed it behooved me at the House of Independence, more modest, but no less glorious, than that of Philadelphia. It was here that the first national Congress was held, and here that the oath of independence was taken (July 9, 1816). In order to preserve the humble house, now an object of public veneration, it has been built into a large edifice, which will preserve it from decay in the future. There is no attempt at decoration. Some commemorative tablets only. But it is enough. When the heart responds readily to the call of duty, an unobtrusive reminder is all that is necessary.

I was infinitely touched by the grandiose reception given by the French colony. In a fine theatre which belongs to them the Frenchmen of Tucuman extended the warmest of welcomes to their fellow countryman. I found a surprise in store for me. It was arranged that I should lay the foundation stone of the new

French School of Tucuman, and if I am to believe the inscription which I found on the silver trowel used on the occasion that remains in my possession, the school will bear the name of him who was thus its first mason. This honor, which is wholly unmerited, sprang, of course, from the natural longing to attach themselves in any way to France. Not a word was spoken that was not an invocation to our country and its fight against ignorance, the origin of all human woes.

There was a large and fashionable company present, whose large befeathered hat's proved that Tucuman is not so very far from Paris after all. The ceremony was concluded by a pretty march past of small boys and girls, carrying the Argentine and French flags, and singing the national hymn, the "Marseillaise." The little people put a world of spirit into their song. One little girl about two feet high and gayly beribboned, was very determined to vanquish "tyranny." How congratulate her? I tried to express the very sincere pleasure the scene had given me, and remarked that these little Argentine tongues had a slightly Argentine accent in the "Marseillaise."

"That is not surprising," said their master, who was obviously delighted. "They do not know a word of French." Then what about that charming baby's loudly expressed hatred of tyranny?

It is true the significance of the hymn lies rather in the music than in the phraseology now a century old. Children, begin by learning French, and do not wait for the opening of the school whose first stone I have just laid. All the rest shall be added into you.

The New Hork Times

Published: April 9, 1911 Copyright © The New York Times